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OWENTON COLLEGE

IT gives us great pleasure to dedicate this book to DR. Z. A. PARKER, the first President of Owenton College. It was largely due to his untiring efforts and financial help that Owenton College was founded. This dedication is but a feeble expression of our appreciation for this great and good man, and we offer it as "a shell from the sea of our love." The College itself, with its growing power and usefulness, is the fittest monument to his life and works.



DR. Z. A. PARKER
First President of Owenton College



CONTENTS



College	3
Dedication	4
Dr. Z. A. Parker	5
Contents	6
John R. Turner	7
Editorial Staff	8
Names of Editors	9
To Our Contributors	10
Introduction	11
Calendar	12
Board of Trustees	31

Girl	15
N. A. C. C. 1906	16
Senior Class Roll	17
Senior Class Song	20
Rev. Z. A. Parker, D. D.	21
Junior Roll	25
A Cure For Loneliness	28
Longing	27
Sophomore Class	29
A Woman Today	31
Leap Year	32
Freshman Class	35
Twilight	37
List of Sub-Collegiate Department	41
Friendship	42
Fellowship	43
Courtship	44
The R. E. Lee	45
R. E. Lee Roll	47
Owenton Girl	50
Eumenean Roll	53
Name the College	54
Drawing	55
Fun	56
Basket Ball Team	64
Base Ball Team	67
Tennis Club	68
Bosh Lodge	70
Red Head Club	72
With You	73
Buster Club	74
A Student of Theology	76
The Buster Club	78
The Devil to Pay	79
The Activity of Man	83
In Soak	86
"Stonewall Jackson"	87



JOHN R. TURNER
President Oswego College



C. J. SNYDER



C. MANN



W. J. WELLS



A. GRIGGS



A. J. MILLER

EDITORIAL STAFF



O. BURNS



L. FREEMAN



E. BURNS



J. HOWELL



C. W. ELLIOTT



Names of Editors

Editor-in-Chief
EXAM ELLIOTT

Literary Editors

C. H. VANN

A. M. FREEMAN

A. J. WALKER

C. L. SUMNER

Comedy Editors

O. R. BURNS

J. H. HOWELL

Class Editors

E. M. BURKS

H. M. WILLIS

A. C. RICKS



To Our Contributors

THE Board of Editors desire to express their hearty appreciation to all those who have so kindly labored to help make this—our first College Annual—a success. This includes not only the ones whose productions have been selected for publication, but also those for whose productions space could not be given in a book of this size. We wish especially to thank Mr. Clark Williams, principally through whose aid and advice we have been able to carry through our enterprise.

❧ ❧ INTRODUCTION ❧ ❧



The Board of Editors wish to introduce to their friends THE PEGASUS, our first College Annual. In doing so we do not offer it to the cold criticism of the experienced journalist, for literary profoundness is not the object of this modest volume. It has been our

purpose to reflect the true life and personnel of Owenton College. Of course we recognize the fact that only those who have come in daily touch with this environment can fully appreciate its pages, but we trust that all those who have answered roll-call at the tap of the old college bell will find herein an echo that will awaken pleasant memories of a similar life of happy comradeship.



1906

Eighth Session.

Fall Term begins September 18th.

Entrance examinations 13th and 14th of September.

Recitations begin September 15, 1906.

1907

Second Term begins January 28th.

Commencement, Sunday, June 3d.

Commencement Day, June 6th.

SOCIETY ANNUALS

R. E. Lee, Last Friday before Christmas.

Eumenean, last Friday in March.

Senior Class Day, February 22d.

HOLIDAYS

Thanksgiving Day.

Christmas Week.

Senior Class Day.

Board of Trustees.

R. S. MUNGER, Chairman	Birmingham, Ala.
J. B. WADSWORTH, Secretary	Birmingham, Ala.
J. H. ADAMS, Treasurer	Birmingham, Ala.
S. L. DOBBS, Financial Agent, ...	Birmingham, Ala.
H. ROBERTSON	Tuscaloosa, Ala.
J. H. LESLIE	Goodwater, Ala.
H. C. HOWARD	Huntsville, Ala.
J. D. SEMPSON	Anniston, Ala.
J. S. GLASGOW	Pratt City, Ala.
ANSON WEST	Athens, Ala.
J. H. MCCOY	Birmingham, Ala.
W. R. HENDRIX	Birmingham, Ala.
F. P. CULVER	Birmingham, Ala.
J. I. WILLIAMS	Albertville, Ala.
J. D. ELLIS (deceased)	Birmingham, Ala.
N. M. ROWE	Triana, Ala.
DR. A. E. EUBANKS	Birmingham, Ala.
SAM WILL JOHN	Birmingham, Ala.
T. C. BANKS	Attalla, Ala.
J. W. SHEPHERD	Jasper, Ala.

Officers of College

JNO. R. TURNER	President
L. S. DOBBS	Agent

Board of Instruction

PETER LAFAYETTE ACTON, A.M.	SAMUEL TOLLIVER SLAYTON, B.S.
WILLIAM JAS. HOWARD, A.M.	JOEL CAMPBELL DUBOSE, A.M.
FREDERIC PAUL HAMMOND, A. M.	ETHELBERT BRIMBLEY NORTON, A.M.
EXAM ELLIOTT, A.B.	







Senior Class Roll

Class Yell

Nineteen-six ! Sis, Boom, Ah !

N. A. C. C.

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

COLORS: Purple and White. FLOWER. Tube Rose.

Senior Class Officers

C. L. SUMNER *President*

C. C. GREGORY *Secretary*

C. H. VANN *Poet*

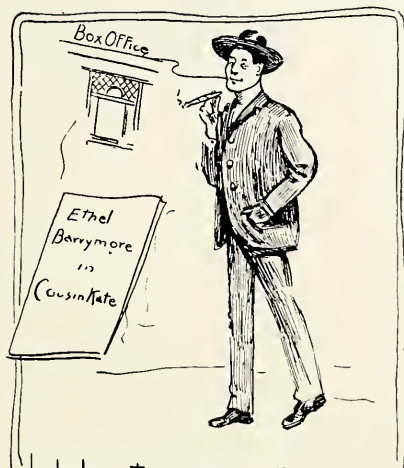
A. E. WILKES *Prophet*

V. C. HERNDON *Historian*

D. C. McNUTT *Orator*

Columbus L. Sumner	Wylam, Alabama President, 1905, 1906; Editor of Pegasus, 1906.
Carl C. Gregory	Birmingham, Alabama Lee Orator, 1906; Class Secretary, 1905-6.
Daniel C. McNutt	Loveless, Alabama Eumenean Debator, 1903, 1904, 1905; Class Orator, 1905 and 1906.
Herndon G. Dowling	Russellville, Alabama
Clyde H. Vaun	Brookside, Alabama Soph Medal, 1903; Junior Medal, 1904, Eumenean Society Medal, 1904; Inter Society Medal, 1905, Class Poet, 1905; Faculty Representative for Commencement, 1906; Business Manager Pegasus, 1906; Eumenean Debator, 1906.
Ethelbert M. Norton	Elyton, Alabama Class Representative, Commencement, 1906.
J. D. Hunter	Pratt City, Alabama Junior Medal, 1904-5; Senior History Medal, 1904-5; Lee Debator, 1906.
Robert Hays	Helena, Alabama
Arthur E. Wilkes	Bessemer, Alabama Class Prophet, 1905-6.
Virgil C. Herndon	Gordo, Alabama Class Historian, 1905-6.





Life has its compensations



Though at certain
seasons of the year
all seems weary, stale and flat.

Senior Class Song

Tune, Auld Lang Syne.

Shall N. A. C. C. be forgotten
And class of Nineteen six !
Should N. A. C. C. be forgot
And all our merry tricks ?

CHORUS.

For N. A. C. C. boys we'll be
For N. A. C. C.-See;
We'll drink a draught of thoughtfulness
For N. A. C. C.-See !

Professor Howard makes us work,
And Hammond does the same;
Slayton allows no sort of fun,
And Norton is sho' dead game.

Elliott, he thrashes frisky subs,
And Turner makes them mind;
Acton, he stands off and "judges,"
"What if these kids were mine !"

We've crammed our brains with Greek and Math.,
French and Geology;
We'll now impart to the waiting world
The gems of the N. A. C. C.

Rev. Z. A. Parker, D. D.

An Appreciation by Frank W. Brandon.

ON THE 19th day of March, 1851, Zachariah A. Parker was born on his father's farm in Giles county, near Pulaski, Tenn. When he was a boy he was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; and ever afterwards he was zealous in her work and jealous of all her interests. He was educated at the Wesleyan University, in Florence, Ala., and at the Emory and Heury College in Virginia.

Leaving College, he was licensed to preach at Florence when he was only twenty years old. This was in the year 1871. Dr. Hardie Brown was the pastor, and Rev. Joel W. Whitten was the presiding elder. In the fall of this same year the North Alabama Annual Conference was held in Florence, and, making application for membership, young Parker was received on trial as a traveling preacher. The sainted Bishop Pierce was the president of the body. Two years later this young preacher was ordained deacon in Tuscaloosa, and four years later he was ordained elder in Huntsville by Bishop Doggett.

Dr. Parker served the following charges as pastor: in 1872 he was at Waterloo Jct., in 1734-4 at Matison Sta., in 1876 at Madison and Triana, in 1877 at Madison Jct., in 1878 at Valley Sta., in 1879-81 at Tuscumbia Sta., in 1882-4 at Gadsden Sta., in 1885 at South Birmingham, and in 1886 at Talladega Sta.

As pastor Dr. Parker was faithful. He was tireless in his work. No sick or sorrowing were ever overlooked by him or neglected. He was never idle. As long as there was anything to be done he was up and doing. I dare say no pastor among us is more alert and active than was he. He had a big heart, and entered into deep sympathy with his

people. Only those intimate with him could appreciate the tenderness of his heart. Unbrotherliness never found place in his bosom. Malice was never cherished there. His soul was all sunshine. He beamed on those who frowned on him, and persistently blessed them who cursed him. It was my privilege to be very close to Dr. Parker. He opened his heart to me. And I often observed that he would not speak ill of a brother even when he was reviled. He had implicit and childlike faith and trust in God.

The North Alabama Conference has never had a more effective preacher than was Dr. Parker. Possibly there were some who were more exact in their scholarship; possibly, some who were profounder students of theology; possibly, some who employed a greater refinement of dictation; but for clear, forceful, convincing presentation of Gospel truth, he had no superior among his contemporaries in the Conference. His was a great and generous soul and extraordinary was his genius in adapting the Gospel message to the needs of the people whom he served.

From April 1, 1886 to April 1, 1894 Dr Parker was the superintendant of the American Bible Society in Alabama and Florida. In every quarter of this great territory there are testimonials of the wisdom and fidelity of his supervision. With conspicuous energy and ability he maintained and built up the interest. He traveled much through his territory. He covered the field. The Bible interests have never been presented more strongly in Alabama and Florida.

In 1895 Dr. Parker was made presiding elder of the Guntersville District and was making a model "Elder" when he was called to the Presidency of the Athens Female College. This College was never more widely advertised than it was under his administration. And he attracted girls from far and near to its halls, and I think that this historic Institution has rarely, if ever, enjoyed a greater degree of prosperity than during the years of his incumbency. For, though he made large gifts personally to the College, his administration was a financial success.

In June, 1898, Dr. Parker was elected the President of the North Alabama Conference College. It was indeed fitting that he should be the first President of this Institution. His hardihood peculiarly qualified him for the delicate and dangerous position. Besides he had shown his interest in improvement of the facilities for the education of the youth of Alabama. While the two Conferences in the State were jointly interested in the maintenance of the Southern University, no man did more for this honored Institution. For it he talked and preached and

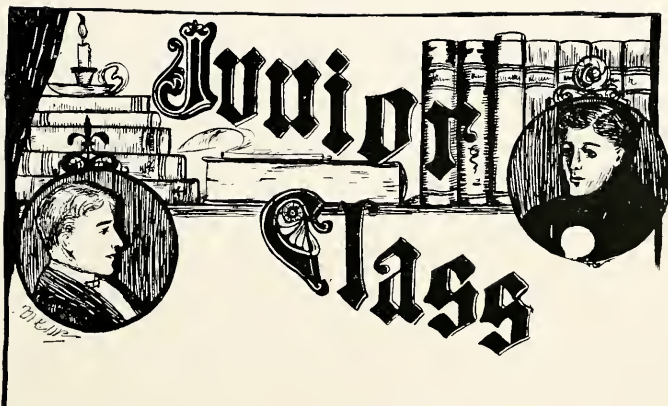
plead. Out of his own means, he was a generous contributor to its needs, giving, I am told, at one time, as much as a thousand dollars. But, with the foresight of a prophet of God, he saw that Methodism would have to have an educational establishment in North Alabama if, indeed, our young men were to be taught in our schools, and, with the courage of an Apostle, he contended for his clean cut conviction until, in the Providence of God, the way was open to begin the work that he saw was so much needed. Strong and persistent effort was made to induce the Alabama Conference to join with the North Alabama in building a College accessible to the great white population of the state. But the failure of such effort and the apparent hopelessness of united effort in our own Conference did not deter this great soul. Through the Alabama Christian Advocate, during the brief period that he had charge, through the Christian Educator, a paper which he established and maintained, he fearlessly and forcefully championed the cause of a Methodist College in North Alabama. In the debates on the Conference floor he was matchless. Strong lawyers who would speak for half a day were employed to fight his cause and sometimes a presiding bishop would give him a side-thrust, but his imperturbable good humor and the torrent of clear cut argument, that proceeded out of his soul, always won for him the day. He was a veritable giant among his foes. Of course this was an honest fight for what men thought was right. But the horizon of Dr. Parker was so wide and his vision was so clear that many could not see as widely as he saw or as clearly, and they thought that he was insincere. But future glories that were as clear as noonday to this prophetic soul ten years ago are just beginning to be seen by some in dim outline. One day the Methodists of Alabama will build to the memory of Dr. Z. A. Parker a monument. And it will be placed on the hill at Owenton in the shadow of the College that he loved, for which he fought and died. For he and his associates have secured the only possible terms for future harmony and prosperity of the educational interest of the Methodism of Alabama. I am glad that he was the first President of this College, and that he lived to see a fair beginning of the materialization of his fairer dreams.

Dr. Parker continued the President of this College until the failure of his health. He died at his home on the South Highlands, in Birmingham, Ala., February 18, 1904.



2476

+



Junior Roll

A. M. FREEMAN		<i>President</i>
O. R. BURNS		<i>Vice-President</i>
R. M. LESTER		<i>Secretary</i>
J. R. ADAMS		<i>Treasurer</i>
J. H. HOWELL		<i>Historian</i>
A. C. RICKS		<i>Prophet</i>
W. H. SPENCER		<i>Poet</i>
E. A. GARNER		<i>Chief Liar</i>
W. M. WOODALL		<i>Musician</i>
R. H. SHEPHERD		<i>Dude</i>
A. J. WALKER		<i>Orator</i>

A Cure For Loneliness

Art thou alone and lonely? Seek not then
The rabble of the street, the giddy throng
That haunts the halls of mirth, nor get thee gay
And senseless multitude on pleasure bent.
But summon an assembly of high thoughts
And sit among them. They shall please thee well.
The words of wisdom shall they speak to thee,
And sound aloud unto thine inmost soul
The richest, sweetest harmonies of heaven.
Their lofty converse soon thy sordid self
Will elevate, till joy unbounded break,
And all thy loneliness shall be forgot.

Longing

Oh, this strange and constant longing, gnawing in my aching heart,
Poisoning all the passing hours, stinging like a deadly dart!

What can mean this vague unrest that sits forever on my soul,
Wakening hopes and fears that struggle like the billows as they roll?

Not for wealth nor worldly power, earthly friends, nor human love;
Stirs this breast with aspirations higher than the stars above.

Yea, this deep desire that haunts me like a weird but winning dream
Is the cry of imperfection for the Perfect's kindling beam.

'Tis the desert wand'rer wailing for the waterbrooks that flow,

'Tis the voice of midnight moaning for the morn's resplendent glow.

'Tis th' immortal life within me, calling for the father Life,
Knowing only He can still the weary soul's unceasing strife.

Yes, this lonely heart that nothing in this world can satisfy
Will be set at ease forever when the Unseen draweth nigh.





Sophomore Class

COLORS: White and Blue.

FLOWER: White Carnation.

Yell

Who are we? Who are we?
We are, we are—don't you see?
Hallabalate! Hallabalate!
Owenton! Owenton—1908!!

Roll Officers

H. L. ALDRIDGE	<i>President</i>
R. McD. HOWELL	<i>Vice-President</i>
R. E. LEDBETTER	<i>Sec'y and Treas.</i>
E. M. BURKS	<i>Editor</i>
A. G. ESSLINGER	<i>Historian</i>
S. L. FLIPPEN	<i>Prophet</i>
R. J. VANN	<i>Poet</i>

Members

J. H. ADAMS	P. O. BARNES	O. A. BONNER	W. L. BRIDGES	W. M. BUCHANAN
R. H. BUMGARDNER	G. F. COOPER	W. P. CRUMP	J. N. MCNUTT	
PERCY MILES	B. F. MILLER	W. M. NANCE	E. P. SELF	R. F. SMYER
V. T. McCAFFERY	BURT STAGGERS	H. S. SUTTON	C. T. WHITE	



COLLEGE QUARTETTE.

A Woman Today

(To a Young Woman on Her Eighteenth Birthday).

Eighteen swift, sweet summers
Have lightly flown away
Since a babe new-born you greeted the morn,
And you are a woman today.

Eighteen years of girlhood,
Merry with roundelay,
Have hoarded their treasure and sweet without measure
To make you a woman today.

No more in childish fancy
'Mid flowers may you stay
With a heart as free as a heart can be
In the mystic morn of May,

For life with destined duty,
From which you cannot stay,
With its world of weight and its cares so great
Was rolled in upon you today.

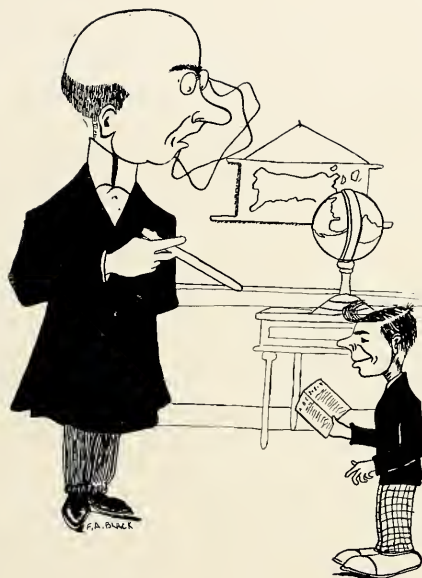
And while you wait and wonder
My heart shall humbly pray
Though serious yet you may never regret
That you are a woman today.

That you may find the foot-path,
Ascending all the way,
Will lead your feet to the golden street
And Heaven's eternal day.



LEAP YEAR





Freshman Class

FLOWER: Violet.

COLORS: Crimson and White.

Yell

Twenty-six, Twenty-six,
Rat, Rat, Rat!
Freshman, Freshman,
Sis Bum Ba.

Officers

WILLIS T. HOWARD	<i>President</i>
WILLIAM A. SISEMORE	<i>Vice-President</i>
HENRY M. WILLIS	<i>Sec'y and Treas.</i>
A. W. FENDLEY	<i>Historian</i>
M. B. MALONE	<i>Prophet</i>
A. S. BALSAM	<i>Poet</i>
K. B. SHROPSHIRE	<i>Mgr. B. B. Team</i>
C. C. SWINDLE	<i>Captain</i>

Members

A. L. ALGOOD	R. K. ACUFF	N. M. BANKS	E. M. BROOKS
J. W. BRITTAİN	O. L. EVANS	MISS OLLIE FINCHER	
N. B. GIBSON	C. P. JOHNSTON	A. J. LEVIE	R. B. LAVENDER
W. A. NORTON	C. J. NAIL	MISS HALLE WILLIAMS	
J. H. PASS	J. K. TROTTER	J. F. VAUGHT	R. L. STALLINGS

Twilight

O'er the woodland and the meadow,
O'er the lowland and the hill,
Fell the silent, dreamy twilight
On a spring-time coming still.
Then the light that follows sunset,
Yes, the golden after-glow,
Paled upon the azure skyline,
Into tints the cloud-sprites know,
Into tints to mortals nameless,
Soft and softer, then 'twas fled;
Only in the purpling heavens
One star glittered overhead,
Glittered on the brow of Evening
Like a silver diadem,
And from out the hush of distance
Sighed the night-wind's requiem.

Down amid the deepening shadows
Flash the lamps of fireflies,
As the daylight dies in twilight,
And in darkness twilight dies.
Down amid the deepening shadows
Of the gloaming and the gloom,
Mystery and sweet enchantment
Make for solitude a home.
Down amid the deepening shadows
Nature sinks in peaceful sleep,

And above her restful bosom
Spirit forms their virgils keep.

Then the melancholy cadence
Of the lonesome whippervill,
From the darkness and the thickets,
Echoed upward sad and shrill.
Then the owl from his stronghold,
'Mong the limbs of the sighing pine,
Complaining to the moonbeams
That dance at day's decline;
Moaned like a ghost lost from its cell,
As the moon above the treetops
Glided out beyond the dell.

Soft the spirit of the south wind
From Savannah's evergreen,
Bore upon his langorous breathing
Thoughts of joys that once had been,
Bore to me the the sad sweet memories
Back from out the mist of years;
Bore those fond, fond recollections
That can move the heart to tears.
Eve was thought-time, pensive sadness,
Penitence and then regret
Bound the soul in embrace utter,
And the sun of life seemed set.







List of Sub-Collegiate Department

EUGENE CAMPBELL	MARVIN HICKEY	OLIN HORTON	FRANK HORTON
AMOS HORTON	H. J. LEWIS	S. L. MOORE	
J. M. McCASKILL	L. A. MORTON	F. W. SHUGART	F. M. GUILLON
G. H. YARBROUGH	J. R. ROBERTS	S. E. JONES	
P. H. TARRY	J. W. VANN	R. H. BROWN	C. T. KING
J. H. LONG	J. W. LONG	F. S. ROEBUCK	
E. D. STILES	BOZEMAN DANIEL	JNO. FERGUSON	L. R. HANNA
OLLIE HAYNES	HENRY HOUSTON	R. B. LAVENDER	
OTHO MILES	JNO. NORTON	W. B. SIMMS	C. C. SWINDLE
J. O. WILLIAMS		L. W. WESTBROOK	



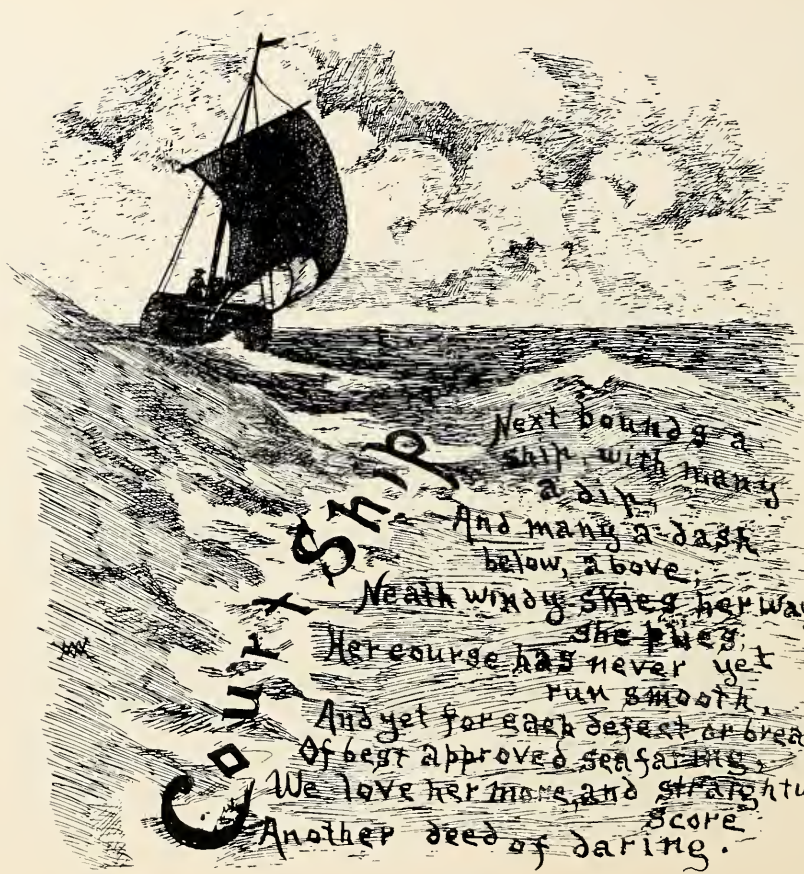
Friendship.

Across a bright and placid sea
Another ship is steering;
Her path is all serenity,
And nothing doubting, fearing,
She sails for lands of purest climes,
And with her motion even,
Amid the sound of sunset chimes
She'll safely gain her haven.



Fellow Ship

Upon life's sea, sails lustily,
A ship that's hale and hardy;
If quick the speed, there's little heed,
Or if the mileage far dy;
If sea's be rough, there's joy enough,
We trust our oft tried vessel;
We'll drink her health, and not in stealth,
We'll pledge her in a wassail.



Next bounds a
ship, with many
a dip,
And many a dash
below, above,
Neath windy skies her way
she flies,
Her course has never yet
run smooth,
And yet for each defect or breach
Of best approved seafaring,
We love her more, and straightway
score
Another deed of daring.

The R. E. Lee

I love the mighty mountain,
I love the valley low,
I love the sparkling fountain,
And the river's sweeping flow;
But o'er this wide world's surface,
In air or earth or sea,
There's naught I love so dearly
As I love the R. E. Lee.

I love the merry warble
Of birds in summer time,
And the sweet melodious music
Of church bells when they chime,
I love the storm's wild carol
As it howls among the trees,
But Oh, I love the dearest
The sunny R. E. Lees!

There are many pleasant places
To which these feet may roam
Aglow with shining graces
And the sweet delight of home;
But the spot that's more alluring
When I alone must be,
Is manhood's shrine enduring
The hall of R. E. Lee.





R. E. Lee Roll

C. C. GREGORY,	E. A. GARNER,	ROBT LESTER,	A. J. WALKER,
J. D. HUNTER,	MARVIN WOODALL,	V. T. McCAFFREY,	HERNDON DOWLING,
E. M. BROOK,	OTHO MILES,	W. H. SPENCER,	
L. W. WESTBROOK,	W. M. BUCHANAN,	CARLTON KING,	JNO. NORTON,
ED. NORTON,	WILLIE SIMS,	H. M. WILLIS,	AMOS HORTON,
	F. W. SHUGART,	R. H. BUMGARTNER,	J. S. HAMILTON,
S. L. FLIPPEN,	O. F. EVANS,	H. L. ALDRIDGE,	JNO. FERGUSON,
E. P. SELF,	V. C. HERNDON,	E. M. BURKS,	

O. R. BURNS, T. H. FROMLEY, J. P. CORNELIUS, A. D. DANIEL,
 J. H. PASS, BRUCE COWAN, H. PURSER, E. G. BURWELL, J. M. McCASKILL,
 B. F. CRAWFORD, C. P. JOHNSTON, B. E. BRASWELL,
 A. S. BAKAW, H. B. WILLIAMS, N. M. BANKS, W. M. NANSE,
 W. A. SISEMORE, GORDON COLAN, R. F. SMYER, L. D. PATTERSON,
 MISS STELLA PETTERSON, J. M. HICKEY, E. E. McCONNELL, D. K. TROTTER,
 J. K. TROTTER, W. L. BRIDGES, J. F. VAUGHT,
 C. C. SWINDLE, K. B. SHROPSHIRE, N. B. GIBSON, L. A. MORTON,
 A. G. ESSILINGER, J. O. WILLIAMS, A. T. LEAY, T. D. EVANS,
 A. M. FREEMAN, WALTER KYLE, R. H. JOHNSON.









Gramming.

Eumenean Roll

S. L. ALGOOD, J. W. BRITAIN, R. O. BROWN, P. O. BARNES,
 C. S. BARCLIFT, O. BENNETT, O. A. BONNER, G. F. COOPER,
 W. P. CRUMP, J. E. EBERHARDT, A. W. FINDLAY, J. F. GUTHRIE
 HUGH GLASGOW, F. M. GUILLAN, W. T. HOWARD, L. R. HANNA, R. M. HOWELL,
 R. B. HAYES, J. H. HOWELL, O. H. HOLMES,
 H. M. HOUSTON, J. W. LONG, J. H. LONG, H. J. LEWIS,
 A. D. LEIRE, R. E. LEDBETTER, J. C. LEE, R. B. LAVENDER, D. C. McNUTT,
 J. N. McNUTT, B. F. MILLER, S. L. MOORE, M. B. MALONE,
 JOE NAIL, J. B. OWEN, P. W. PAGE, A. C. RICKS, J. B. ROBERTS,
 G. P. SMITH, C. L. SUMMER, BERT STAGGERS, R. H. SHEPARD,
 LEE STREET, R. L. STALLINGS, C. H. VANN, R. J. VANN, D. A. WILSON,
 A. E. WILKES, C. T. WHITE, G. H. YARBOROUGH.

Name the College

Why has our College never been given a name? The string of adjectives expressing its geographical position and official relation, while dear to Methodism in our section, makes a very bungling and inappropriate name for an institution of learning. We believe there would be something in a name to us. But what does the present designation signify? North suggests coolness or frigidity; Alabama, here we rest; Conference, a bringing together. Now, without any elaboration, putting the meanings together, we have a bringing together for rest and cooling. Hitch this to college and we have, a bringing together for rest and cooling college. Whether this is the proper appellation for a college, we submit to your judgment. From the standpoint of a student the opposite, bring together for exertion and heat, we would consider a more appropriate praenomen. And both would yield to a shorter name.

The College deserves a name. It promises a career that will prove a most distinguishing and enduring monument to that word by which it shall be designated. Recognition of this fact, and the study of the history of other educational institutions, as effected by their naming, convinces us that a movement on the part of the management of this institution toward the selection of a name for it, would open a mighty opportunity for the perpetuation of some good name and likely result in great enrolmental benefits to the College as well as a name of such length as is possible to recite without embarrassment or the liability of losing breath.



Fun

It is with anything but a smile that we undertake the task of making other people laugh. We believe it would be easier to compose a requiem to a hope that is dead or to write a threnody to a shattered ambition than to attempt the authorship of smile compelling witticisms. It is befitting, therefore, that we offer our apologies to the public for any jest in this catalogue that may make any reader feel a pain. We will be glad to furnish to any one who fails to see the points to our jokes, a key in which every point is thoroughly explained.

It is an undisputed fact that the best jokes of our college are our B. P. Seniors, but for reasons of our own we cannot afford to subject them to ridicule. This narrows our scope somewhat, but from the great field of wit we may yet be able to gather here and there a small fund store of fun that the careless reapers have dropped. We therefore ask you to follow with patience and with this prayer always in your heart: "Lord make us thankful for what we are about to receive."

Vann—Why is a safety pin like a lie?

Freeman—I use neither. Why?

Vann—Because it is a very present help in time of trouble.

A Freshman's Prayer.

O, thou most infinite Peter. Thou master of all calculations, hallowed be thy memory. May thy kingdom never come, and thy will never be done in the faculty meetings as it is here in the class room. Give us this day our daily lessons, and forgive us for not knowing them as we forgive each other for not preparing them. And lead us not into the Bi-nomial theorem but let us stop at simple Indeterminate Equations; for we are tired of busting and can't keep from cussing. So we ask these things in thine own name and for our sake. Amen.

This joke producing business
Will drive me mad I know
To have to twist the jokes around
To make the points show.

And when I've turned them round and round
To make the points bare
It breaks my heart at last to find
That there's no point there.

This joke producing business
Is not a joke to me
The joke is watching people
Hunt the jokes they cannot see.

First Junior—What are you going to propose as a motto for the class?

Second Junior—"Work always wins." What are you going to propose?

First Junior—"Wind always works."

Aldridge—Bishop, I want you to give me an appointment when I get through school.

Bishop—Well, Mr. Aldridge, I will see if there is a vacancy in the superannuates home.

Everybody works but Howard
He mopes around all day
Goes to faculty meetings
Draws his regular pay
The big six fret and worry
They have a good time, nit
He busts them all on Exams,
Then threatens to ship them all away
Everybody works but Howard
Since he has struck for higher pay.

(One of) The Problem(s) Shropshire Didn't Get

It was in the Freshman Algebra Class and all the boys were at the board. Shropshire was feeling sore over a rather lengthy address on "The Results of Playing Hookey," delivered to the class by Prof. Acton, but for Sloppies benefit. So at the first favorable opportunity that presented itself he pinned to the Professor's coat tail, by way of revenge, a large card on which was printed the words "kick me."

When the Professor turned about again he found Shropshire industriously putting down figures and signs at random. "Mr. Shropshire" said the worthy instructor, "I judge you have your sign wrong." Shropshire stole a glance at his "kick me" card and said, "No sir, the sign's all right, but it just don't get the right result."

Watch and Work, O, ye Freshman! For on such a day as ye think not Prof. Howard will come to hear your Latin. Verily, verily, I say unto you, whom he shall find riding a pony, better for him that he had never entered the F. A. C. C., for he shall be judged according to the way he recites "Latin prose." When he shall come into the final examination, having ridden a pony all the year, and see the Professor's handwriting on the wall he shall be found wanting. Then will the Examining Lord say unto his servants, Miller and McCaffrey, "Bind them hand and foot with 'conditions' and cast them into vacation where there shall be working and sweating and reading of notes."

Hurrah for the brilliant thirty-three
Who faced Prof. Pete in Geometry
On nineteen hundred and six you see
We passed the Exam. and now we are free.









Basket Ball Team

A. J. WALKER	<i>Forward</i>	E. A. GARNER	<i>Center, Captain</i>
L. R. HANNA	<i>Forward</i>	GUILLOU.	<i>Sub</i>
J. F. GUTHRIE	<i>Guard</i>	BALSAM	<i>Sub</i>
J. S. HAMILTON	<i>Guard</i>	SELF	<i>Sub</i>



"THE CHANCE"





Base Ball Team



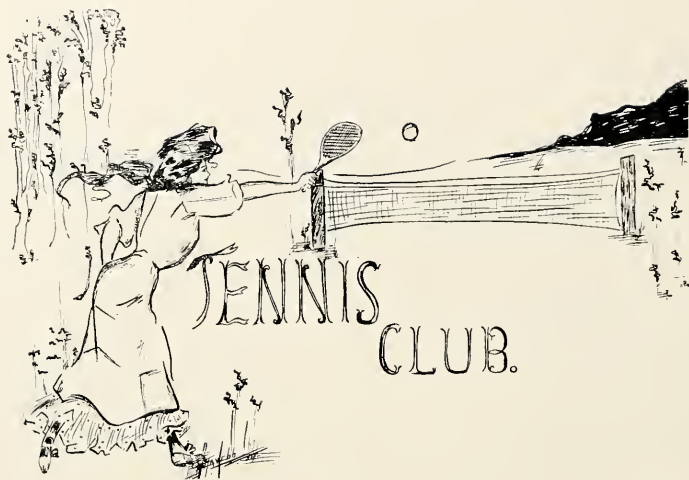
BASE
BALL

OFFICERS

E. A. GARNER *Captain*
BOB HAYES *Manager*

MEMBERS

E. M. NORTON	First Base
R. F. SMYER	Second Base
K. B. SHROPSHIRE	Third Base
L. A. KILPATRICK	Short Stop
R. H. SHEPARD	Right Field
J. S. HAMILTON	Center Field
C. C. SWINDLE	Left Field
E. A. GARNER {	Pitchers
OSCAR WELCH }	
R. H. BUMGARTNER {	Substitutes
J. R. ADAMS }	



Owenton Tennis Club

Yell

Rackety! Rackety! Rackety! Rack!
O-T-C! Yack! Yack! Yack!

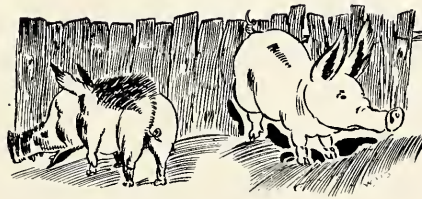
COLORS: Blue and White.

Officers

O. R. BURNS *President*
N. M. BANKS *Secretary-Treasurer*

Members

H. J. DOWLING, W. M. BUCHANAN, R. J. VANN, JOHN R. ADAMS, W. M. NANCE,
J. N. McNUTT, T. H. FORMBY, A. G. ESSLINGER.



ROOTERS



Bosh Lodge

Foolish Chapter No. 1

Yell

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Gosh! Gosh! Gosh!
Ho! Ho! Ho!
Bosh! Bosh!

Officers

OMAR R. BURNS	<i>Supreme Folderol</i>
D. C. McNUTT	<i>Vice Folderol</i>
R. J. VANN	<i>Hot Air Register</i>
J. H. HOWELL	<i>Senior Gab</i>
E. M. BURKS	<i>Junior Gab</i>
E. P. SELF	<i>First Flunkey</i>
W. G. GASTON	<i>Second Flunkey</i>
H. M. WILLIS	<i>Cooler</i>



Red Head Club

Yell

Bustible Combustible!

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Sorrel Top! Sorrel Top!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

COLORS: Cardinal and Azure.

FLOWERS: Prince Feather

Officers

SORREL TOP FREEMAN	<i>Super Flasher</i>
REUBEN JAY VANN	<i>Sub Flasher</i>
RED GUTHRIE	<i>Blazer</i>
BONFIRE WILKS	<i>Streaker</i>
CRATER-MOUTH CRUMP	<i>Fire-Eater</i>

With You

I have oft beheld the glory
Of the rising sun,
And felt a thrill sweep o'er me
As the day begun;
But the most entrancing glory
Open to my view,
Is the glory of the vision
When I am with you.

I have oft on a Sabbath
Gone alone to rest,
And in quiet meditation
Sweetness filled my breast;
But the rarest, richest sweetness
That I ever knew,
Comes in all of its completeness
When I am with you.

I have gone among the flowers
In the rush of spring,
Where, in dew-bejeweled bowers,
Merry warblers sing;
And yet the most, most precious flower,
Whether old or new,
Is the memory of the hour
That I spent with you.

I was taught to hope for Heaven
And the peaceful shore,
And to count the blissful haven
Home forevermore;
But this side the shining portal,
Oh, believe me true,
The bliss most sweet that's mortal
Is to be with you.





Buster Club

Yell

Twenty, ah twenty,
Make twenty we must.
Twenty, ah twenty,
Make twenty and bust

PASS WORD: Twenty or Die.

Officers

C. HUGGINS VANN	<i>Buster King</i>
HERNDON G. DOWLING	<i>Buster Prince</i>
R. F. SMYER	<i>Bad Buster</i>
ROBT. M. LESTER	<i>Buster of Hearts</i>
R. L. STALLINGS	<i>Buster of Kodaks</i>
W. HOMER SPENCER	<i>Buster of Lips</i>
A. MERION FREEMAN	<i>Buster of News</i>
A. G. ESSLINGER	<i>Buster of Bills</i>

Other Busters

V. T. McCaffrey	J. R. Adams	ROSCOE HOWELL	W. M. NANCE
FRANK HORTON	W. A. NORTON	C. C. SWINDLE	C. C. GREGORY



A Student
of Theology.



The Buster Club

The Buster Club was organized
In a peculiar way;
Two boys around a fire prepared
Their lessons for the day.

Says one to other, "Let's organize
A club by the name of Buster's,
And we'll stir up a great surprise
Amid the college clusters."

With quick assent the other said,
"That is the proper thing;
With certainty we'll be the head
Of all the college ring."

So thus the Buster Club was started
And remains unto this day,
And ne'er yet has a Buster parted
From its ample folds to stray.

First we crown a Buster King,
A handsome looking man;
And true busting in him rings,
For his name is Huggins Vann.

Dowling we elect as Buster Prince,
He is the king to be;
Although he has but little sense
He's called the cheap B. P.

As Buster of Bills Esslinger we put,
We know he's a competent man;
Against him ne'er the door is shut,
For the busts whenever he can.

The Buster of Hearts—his name is Lester—
Breaks them without a thought;
He says—and he's not a jester—
That hearts like suckers can be caught.

From an important cluster
We take a man named Smyer,
And put him in as our Bad Buster,
Though friends have wished him higher.

A name for Spencer we select,
After doubts and many quips;
And now his carriage is erect
For he is our Buster of Lips.

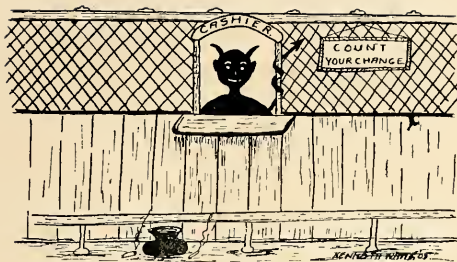
A duty binds the news to tell,
And Freeman seems the man;
He has a voice like a street car bell,
And uses it whenever he can.

Stallings is our Kodak Buster,
He's large and short and somewhat thin;
He says when he busts a kodak
That busting's not a sin.

Along the college boy's thorny path,
We see a dreaded day;
Near approaches the time for Math.,
And the Buster is P. L. A.

Other Busters we embrace,
Every Buster in the place;
Since to bust is not a sin;
Only bust, we'll let you in.

A LOYAL BUSTER.



THE DEVIL TO PAY

1

With all their sweetness, all their pain,
Four years of college life are past;
In the full bloom of balmy June
We shall go out the same old class.

2

And how glad the great world will be,
When with a well won diploma,
Forth from the walls of the N. A. C. C.
Shall merge our president Sumner.

3

But prouder still the world will be,
When it beholds his company;
For standing there, near to his side,
Will be his smiling, lovely bride.

4

Aud with this august band will stand
Our well known, handsome Gregory man,
Who has said on every hand,
"A B. P. I'll be, if I can."

5

His eyes are large and bright and brown;
His teeth are prominent and white;
His face never presents a frown;
The ladies, "Ah, he's from town."

6

Chitty chatty, chitty chatty,
Prophet Wilks, we call him "Fatty;"
Chitty chatty, chitty chatty,
Junior Wilks will call him "Daddy."

He's mighty short and somewhat thin;
 Four ruddy whiskers deck his chin;
 When duty calls, he's there on time,
 For, rain or shine, he's always 'gwine.

Hunter, the liar, the medal man,
 Rides his pony where'er he can.
 Cram, cram, he calls him "Go you Sam!"
 A sure pass for every exam.

To this class he thus advises:
 "Courage brother, don't ever fail;
 Watch the spider, take no cider,
 But saddle Sam and take a sail."

Dowling's the dude, we call him "Runt,"
 He played hookey one day to hunt;
 His teacher cussed, thinking he'd bust,
 But Dowling looked up with disgust.

Said he, "Not me, I'll never bust;
 My head is full of knowledge dust,
 Turn up your eyes and look about
 And I will pass without a doubt."

Norton's a daisy. Like the dove
 His heart is full of sure 'nough love;
 His appetite is out of sight;
 He never quits while there's a bite.

Birdie, he says to Sally Rot,
 "Marry me, I'm a great big tot."
 Said Sallie Rot, "My head is sot;
 No tot can change my name from Rot."

Hays is our only pretty boy,
 He loves a fancy, high-priced toy;
 He's neither slazy nor crazy,
 But Prof. Slaton says he's lazy

A ladies' man he is, you bet;
 Many sweethearts he has to let.
 "Of the many," says he "Take any,
 Only leave me my Margaret."

Tutty, tutty, tutty, tutty,
 Orator Mac is so nutty.
 In the summer, trying to choose,
 Thus he flies his soaring Muse;

17

Says he to Miss Lena McGee,
 "Let me, O Love, appeal to thee;
 Won't you, Sweetheart, consent to be
 The wife of Orator D. C.?"

18

Says she, O my lovely D. C.,
 As sure as heaven is above
 And the chimney is full of sut,
 I want my name to be McNutt."

19

In the world of music and art
 Our historian plays his part.
 He hieth from fond old Pickens
 Where lately they've heard of Dickens.

20

Though now he's hardly in his prime,
 His name among the great does shine;
 For in his music is a chime
 That to the angels is sublime.

21

Lastly, we have our Senior poet.
 Who butting like one William Go-at,
 Wrote his verse in common meter,
 And when questioned didn't know it.

22

But after trying very hard
 He's found himself a sure 'nough bard,
 And by using his every grace,
 Hopes among the poets to find a place.





The Activity of Man

The study of man is, under any circumstances, a sufficiently confusing business. But it becomes doubly so when we take into account not only what people have actually done in life, but what they might have done. For it is very seldom that the most or best in us gets revealed or struck into action. Yet if a man is disposed to act, regardless of the manner of his deeds, we know his capabilities are wonderful.

To go back into the history of the fathers and simply mention the names of the men who by their deeds removed obstacles to human rights, would be to tax your patience most unjustly. But let us face right about, and through history, as a telescope, look into the channels through which humanity has been coming during the run of the past.

As far back as vision permits we see the forces of humanity moving towards the present. Like the restless ocean, the waves rise and fall and continue to rise and fall until they stumble against the shore. In fact the movements of nature's elements are not wholly unlike the activities of humanity. Foul gases accumulate in dismal swamps, are all saturated with offensive odors, filled and laden with disease and pestilence, and moving from place to place strive to slay the living and possess the land.

But just at this point the destructive forces are made to halt. The giant tempest wraped in his black mantle, thrusting his fiery sword here and there, causing all nature to tremble beneath the loud roar of his might thunder, drenching to cleanliness by his rapid torrents, gathering up and sweeping away with his angry winds, moves on across the diseased world demolishing pest houses and establishing health resorts.

Having thus exercised his powers, we see him yonder in the east. His form is altogether changed. His once dark flying robes seemingly reaching from pole to pole, are all gathered about him and appear like a massive heap of yellow down. His once angry brow now wears the calm-

ness of the pale-faced moon. The fiery flashes that leaped from his bosom are now as gentle as the smiles of a lover. But the most striking feature of the change is that bow of dazzling beauty proudly reclining on the tempest's bosom, and pouring everlasting glory on his head for the good work just accomplished. The bow of light is the very emblem of beauty. It is the daughter of the storm, the symbol of purity. It is beautiful enough to be the promenade of angels; gorgeous in prismatic colors and beautiful as the sapphire splendors of the city of God. The rainbow is the loveliest of all earthly visions, and is the emblem of the nameless beauty that shall flush the skies of all the brave-hearted and the true—those who know and dare to do the right.

Yes, as it is with the material world—the elements of nature—so is it with the "man-world."

Men gather themselves in dismal corporations, arm themselves with political contrivances, and go out to rob the public. Monarchs overstep the borders of freedom and force their subjects to become servants to the will of one man. Legislators are bought with a price, and by undreamed-of methods on the part of the honest citizen, his most sacred trusts are clutched by the hands of robbery and rascality, while financial dirths and political diseases spread over the land and threaten to bankrupt the nation.

Like the poor wretch who is a slave to his own appetite, the honest citizen realizes his condition, is powerless, can not turn aside, but goes in obedience to the commanding forces and deposits, as it were, the very meat and bread of his starving wife and children. Liberty seems to have taken the wings of the morning and is dwelling in the far away sea.

The masses being thus deprived of their natural, the earnings of their own labors going to make the unchosen few rich, forced by soulless corporations to pay double value for the things they are obliged to have, send up a howling complaint—people groaning beneath distress and oppression. The commanding voice of the people is no longer heard with any degree of consideration.

But here a change takes place. Away to the west we hear the rumbling of distant thunder; shimmering lights play through the press, and it is soon discovered that the tempestuous F. of Missouri, is rising—a man who understands the condition of affairs, knows the right, and dares to act in order to put down and stay the hand of evil forces.

Such work at first appears destructive, but with closer observation one realizes its purifying effects, sees how the bands of the combine forces of evil are broken asunder, while hope and confidence are again restored to the hearts of the people.

Nor was such work confined to one state. Almost at the beginning of the year 1905 a universal revival was talked of and prayed for. (And the man who prayerfully watches, prayerfully acts, and prayerfully prays is the man whom the gracious Father hears and answers.) The revival of last year came in the form of a revolution, which asserted itself in the election of "reform" mayors, governors and so forth in various parts of the United States, and swept on 'till toward the last the management of important private trust companies became involved. The investigation of life insurance affairs in New York, with the exposures which it brought about add the retirement from their position of trust of a number of men of high standing, is one of the conspicuous incidents of the past year. It was a year of "exposures." These were the symptoms of a diseased body politic. But under the present conditions the nation seems essentially healthy, and therefore able to react against unwholesome forces. The reaction did not come too soon, and it was an unpleasant half hour for the patient ; but the outcome will be wholesome.

It is the citizens of noble humanity that comprise the saving elements of nations; while the deaths of great men of action mark the line where the light of two worlds meet in glorious completeness. And there are proportions of magnificence in the temples of their characters which time will touch with immortality and magnify with the light of coming years.



“Stonewall Jackson”

Standing on a lofty hilltop, steadily gazing at the millions of bright stars shining upon a world asleep in night's embrace and trying to find the star that shines most brilliantly, one is at a loss to make a decision. So in reading history and admiring the unequalled bravery and the noble deeds of the heroes of our Lost Cause, one finds it difficult to decide which of these stars shines most brilliantly on the pages of history.

While we love and honor the name of Lee, there are others whose names and heroism will always be associated with his, as blazing meteors in the historic sky of our beloved Southland. Generals Albert Sidney Johnson, J. E. B. Stuart, J. E. Jonson, Forest, Earley, Hill and many others are men whose names will ever be held in fond and loving remembrance for their bravery, heroism and unselfish devotion to the South. We love and revere all those, but it falls to my lot tonight to speak of one of these honored heroes who embodied all that it takes to constitute a great soldier, and whose name brightens the pages of our country's history, as the heavens above us are brightened by the appearance of a flaming comet. That hero is Stonewall Jackson.

Being left a penniless orphan at the age of three years, he was deprived of the opportunities of attending school in his youth. But when young, he heard of a vacancy from his Congressional district in the military academy at West Point, and determined to seize the opportunity of educating himself. He set out for Washington on foot in order to consult with his Congressman as to how he might be able to enter the Academy. The Congressman seeing that there was something in the boy worthy of cultivation, introduced him to the Secretary of War, who, also being impressed with the young Jackson, immediately gave him an appointment to West Point.

The young man was very poorly equipped to enter the academy and barely squeezed through on his entrance examination, but by working hard he gradually rose in his class and graduated with high honors in 1846, with such men as McClellan, Pickett, Couch and A. P. Hill. He left West Point to enter life as a patriotic citizen, to do all he could for the uplift of humanity, to love and honor his fatherland, and if necessary to give his life for its protection. It was during the Mexican war that he was converted to the Christian religion. Religion to him was a principle not only to be believed, but to be received and implanted in the inner life. A principle to be received subjectively and to be given out objectively. His life was without a blemish. He never did a little thing. He was manly and courageous in all his relations to his fellowmen. The motto he adopted at West Point was, "You may be whatever you resolve to be," and, now, he added to this the saying of the great apostle, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." To this principle he ardently adhered, both in peace and in war, until the end of his life.

His heroic deeds and skill in military affairs sent such flashes of light through our history as can be found in the life of no other man who has figured in the destiny of our nation. There has been since the day of Napoleon no greater general than was found in the person of Thomas Jonathan Jackson. As some great phenomenon he burst before the eyes of the world as a military genius. No man ever rose to fame and honor in so short a time. Never was a general loved and respected more by his soldiers than was he. The name "Stonewall" which was given to him by General Bee on the bloody field of Manassas, in the midst of that conflict, while bullets were flying and cannon balls were bursting around him, was sufficient to fire the heart of every soldier afresh with patriotism until they would dare to march to the cannon's mouth for the sake of their beloved leader. General John B. Magruder, speaking of him in his official report, said, "If devotion, industry, talent and gallantry are the highest qualities of a soldier, then he is entitled to the distinction which their possession confer."

It remained to be shown in the last battle in which he was ever engaged, that he possessed the very highest type of skill as a general. It was at the battle of Chancellorsville, General Lee ordered him with twenty-two thousand men to make a night attack on Hooker's flank and rear. This movement was brilliantly executed, routing the flank of Hooker's army, consisting of the greater part of one hundred and thirty-four thousand men. He put out his pickets and gave them

the explicit orders to fire upon any living object that might attempt to cross the lines during the night. While returning from one of those bold reconnoissances, which he so often made, he was mistaken for the enemy and mortally wounded by his own men.

Hearing that Jackson had lost his left arm, Lee remarked, "Jackson has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right." The realization of this statement on the part of Lee can be seen in a statement made by him afterward, when speaking of the battle at Gettysburg: Said he, "If I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg I would have won that battle, and a decided victory there would have established the independence of the Confederacy." Lee spoke his fittest eulogy when he wrote him after hearing that he was wounded, "Could I have dictated events I should have, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead."

But his wounds proved mortal and after lingering a few days passed away with the loving words on his lips, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Thus ended the life and career of one of the most unique, romantic characters of the war between the states. It can be said of him, as of all our Confederate dead, not one name shall be forgotten or neglected, and it shall bye-and-bye be confessed as of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

We can truly say with the immortal Hill, "Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name; every river shall have some solemn title; every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush and the rills to sing, shall his name be kept fresh with reverent honors which is inscribed upon the book of national remembrance."



A decorative border composed of repeating floral or leaf-like motifs arranged in a horizontal oval shape, framing the central text.

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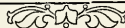
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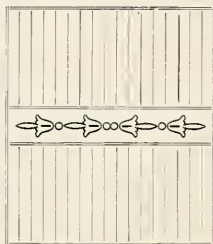
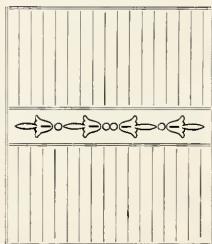
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Spencer Business College, New Orleans, La.

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Gentlemen : I took testimony in a case a few days ago that gave me 230 pages of typewritten matter. All were surprised with the accuracy of my work, for I had to delay so long before I could find time to transcribe it, having to take testimony in several other cases before doing so. One of the lawyers read part of the transcript yesterday, and told me it could not be better. It is the longest note of evidence that we have in this court house.

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